

The Way I Am (Base Musicale)

Eminem

Whatever
Dre just let it run
Ey yo turn the beat up a little bit
Ey yo this song is for anyone
Fuck it just shut up and listenEy yo
I sit back, with this pack, of zigzags
And this bag, of this weed
It gives me, the shit needed to be, the most meanest MC on this
On this earth 'cause since birth I've been cursed with this curse to just curse
And just blurt this berserk and bizarre shit that works
And it sells and it helps in its self to relieve
All this tension dispensing me, sentence is getting it
The stress has been eating me, recently
Off of this chest and I rest to get peacefully
But at least have the decency in you to leave me alone
When you freaks see me out in the streets
When I'm eating or feeding my daughter to not come and speak to me
I don't know you and no I don't owe you a motherfuckin' thing
I'm not Mr.'N Sync and I'm not what your friends think
I'm not Mr.Friendly, I can be a prick, if you tempt me my tank is on empty
No patience is in me and if you offend me I'm lifting you ten feet
In the air, I don't care who was there and who saw me just jaw you
Go call you a lawyer
File you a lawsuit, I'll smile in the courtroom and buy you a wardrobe
I'm tired of all you
I don't mean to be mean but it's all I can be, it's just meAnd I am, whatever you say I am
If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?
In the papers, the news, everyday I am
Radio won't even play my jam
'Cause I am, whatever you say I am
If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?
In the papers, the news, everyday I am
I don't know it's just the way I amSometimes I just feel like my father, I hate to be bothered
With all of this nonsense it's constant, and "oh it's his lyrical content!"
The song "Guilty Conscience" has gotten such rotten responses
And all of this controversy circles me and it seems
Like the media immediately points a finger at me
So I point one back at 'em, but not the index or the pinky
Or the ring or the thumb, it's the one you put up when you don't give a fuck

When you won't just put up with the bullshit they pull
 'Cause they full of shit too
 When a dude's gettin' bullied and shoots up his school
 And they blame it on Marilyn
 And the heroin, where were the parents at?
 And look at where it's at
 Middle America, now it's a tragedy, now it's so sad to see
 An upper class city having this happening
 Then attack Eminem 'cause I rap this way
 But I'm glad 'cause they feed me the fuel
 That I need for the fire to burn and it's burnin' and I have returned
 And I am, whatever you say I am
 If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?
 In the papers, the news, everyday I am
 Radio won't even play my jam
 'Cause I am, whatever you say I am
 If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?
 In the papers, the news, everyday I am
 I don't know it's just the way I am
 I'm so sick and tired of being admired
 That I wish that I would just die or get fired
 And drop from my label and stop with the fables
 I'm not gonna be able to top on "My name is"
 And pigeon holdin' to some poppy sensations
 They cop me rotation at rock 'n' roll stations
 And I just do not got the patience
 To deal with these cocky Caucasians
 Who think I'm some wigga who just tries to be black
 'Cause I talk with an accent and grab on my balls
 So they always keep asking the same fucking questions
 What school did I go to, what hood I grew up in, the why, the who, what
 When and where and the how, 'til I'm grabbing my hair and I'm tearing it out
 You've been driving me crazy
 I can't take it, I'm racing, I'm pacing, I stand and I sit
 And I'm thankful for every fan that I get, but I can't take a shit
 In the bathroom without someone standing by it
 No I won't sign your autograph, you can call me an asshole, I'm glad
 'Cause I am, whatever you say I am
 If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?
 In the papers, the news, everyday I am
 Radio won't even play my jam
 'Cause I am, whatever you say I am
 If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?
 In the papers, the news, everyday I am
 I don't know it's just the way I am

Songwriters

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